LET THE SAINTS TO HEAR

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

FEB 17 1954

Presented to

Bonebrake
Theological Seminary
Library

Dayton, Ohio

by

Dr. Walter N. Roberts

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
DUPLICATE EXCHANGE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/whathavesaintsto0000jose

What Have the Saints to Teach Us?

By

Joseph Fort Newton

The Eternal Christ

Studies in the Life of Vision and Service. 12mo, cloth . . . . . net $1.00.

"Sane, reverent and full of faith in God and in man made by God. He sees with the seers and has an understanding of the mystics. He dares to ask questions outside of the usual run of theological discussions and then calmly undertakes to answer them."—*Baptist World.*

What Have the Saints to Teach Us?

A Message from the Church of the Past to the Church of To-Day. 12mo, cloth, net 50c.

"Of that profounder life of faith and prayer and vision which issues in deeds of daring excellence, the Pilgrims of the Mystic Way are the leaders and guides; and there is much in our time which invites their leadership."—*Preface.*

What Have the Saints to Teach Us?

A Message from the Church of the Past to the Church of To-day

By
JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. LITT.
Author of "David Swing," "The Eternal Christ," etc.

LIBRARY OF
Drew Theological Seminary
BV
5031
.N5
1914
30,660

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

Copyright, 1914, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 125 North Wabash Ave.
Toronto: 25 Richmond Street, W.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 100 Princes Street

NOV -7 1914
©CI.A387375

To

Dr. Edward R. Burkhalter, a dear Friend and Father in the Gospel—remembering his reverent and beautiful ministry of more than forty years —with Gratitude and Eternal Hope

FEB 17 1954

Author's Foreword

SUCH an essay as this would seem to be timely, in view of the renewed interest in the Saints and the mystical revival now going on. Yet it is, nevertheless, audacious—as if one should ask, What have the great poets to teach us of the magic and ministry of poetry, or the musicians of the meaning of melody? An age, which like our own places peculiar emphasis and value on the type of sanctity which expresses itself through the deed, should feel for the Saints an especial honour. Indeed, there is much in our time which invites their leadership, so often do moods recur and problems are reset in the spiral sweep of time.

Of modern mysticism, as we see it in men like Grierson and Maeterlink, there is not much to be said. Maeterlink is knit up, fibrously, with the tradition of the mystics, confessing his debt to Emerson, Novalis, and Ruysbroeck; and that explains, what some do not well know,

the secret of his charm. Mystical he is, though hardly a mystic, save as he shines by reflected light—yet such light as he has is of that ray. As for Grierson, his mysticism is little more than that ancient pantheism, that primal glimmer of truth, which has haunted man ever since he began to make gods in his own image. How thin and pale such teachers are besides the Saints who won victories where these facile essayists only dream dreams, or go in quest of moon-flowers.

No doubt the scientific study of religion is important—almost as important as the religious study of science—but it cannot tell us what we want to know, still less move us to do what we know. Sir Oliver Lodge now assures us that "the pre-scientific insight of genius—of poets and prophets and saints—was of supreme value, and its access to the heart of the universe profound." That is a marked advance; for if Huxley was right, the happy, singing, victorious life of Phillips Brooks was as absurd as the life of Don Quixote. So much so, that if all men thought as Huxley thought, no one could live as Brooks lived. Only when the saint embraces science, and the scientist dares to be

saintly, will the Kingdom of Truth come upon earth.

Meanwhile, we must have the same charity towards the past that we have towards the present, and be as willing to listen to St. Bernard as to Henri Bergson. Otherwise our boasted liberalism is only sound and bluster, signifying nothing more than narrowness and vanity. At least, it should mean that a man is free to be a Christian, not that he holds his Christianity loosely, if not lightly. What fills one with a deep disquiet about the Christianity of to-day is—that it is so harmless. Even if we apply it to social problems, as we talk so much of doing, there will be little result unless it has more power than it has now. Hence the effort to make up in organization what is lacking in inspiration—an effort as pitiful as it is futile.

Not yet have we arrived at the social vision of Catherine of Siena or of John Woolman the Quaker. They thought of humanity as a pantheist thinks of God, confessing the sins of their age as their own—identifying themselves with their fellows in their miseries, and, vicariously, in their sins; seeking to bear about in them-

selves the marks of the Lord Jesus, if so they might in some profound and real way achieve atonement for their times. Here, as in so many ways, the Saints are beyond us, prophetic alike in their insight and sorrow of a day when the Golden Rule will be, not a dream, but a necessity.

If this seems to discredit the religious life of our age, it is not meant to do so. Strictures on the irreligion of our time are, for the most part, wide of the mark, not only because the same things have been said about other times, but because we must judge the religion of an age, as of a man, by the state of the conscience. So judged, our period is indisputably awake and active. Still, that there is an apathy in the life of the Church to-day is only too evident. Deliverance from such deadness has come in times past through great revivals of personal religion, and so it must come to-day. For such a revival many are searching the sky for signs, and some would even manufacture portents. But the wind of God bloweth where it listeth.

Some things, however, are clear. Religion remains the most intimate and personal of all human concerns. God calls men not *en masse*,

not in crowds : He calls each man by his name —not that he may render less social service, but vastly more. Social service, so far as it is real, is a result, not a cause. Of that profounder life of faith and prayer and vision, which issues in deeds of daring excellence, the pilgrims of the Mystic Way are the leaders and the guides. Ever the road lies at our feet ; ever the summons comes, and for him who seeks there is Truth to find, Beauty to behold, and high Labour for humble hands to do.

J. F. N.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Contents

I.	Heroes of Faith	15
II.	What Is a Saint?	20
III.	Who Are the Saints?	27
IV.	The Mystic Way	34
V.	Crowns of Light	40
VI.	Witnesses for Christ	46
VII.	The Gift of the Word	51
VIII.	Teachers of Quietness	56
IX.	Lovers of God	61
X.	Tongues of Flame	66
XI.	The Life of Prayer	73
XII.	Mighty in the Scriptures	77
XIII.	The Austere Life	81
XIV.	Social Saviours	85
XV.	Victors Over Death	90

"That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him: the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of His calling, and what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints."

—*St. Paul* (*Ephesians i. 17, 18*).

I

HEROES OF FAITH

IF one were asked to state the modern notion of what a Saint is, how would he do it? Perhaps the image most often evoked by that word is that of a poor, deluded monk, guileless withal, but a mere dreamer; a pale solitary, a hermit dizzy with fasting and worn with fever; a kind of poet who, finding the world too much for him, betook himself to seclusion to live a visionary life. Of course, not every one would state his thought in so blunt a fashion; but for most men to-day a Saint is more an object of pity than of admiration. They smile at the mention of the word, indulgently, to be sure, as one should at those who lived in the dreamy days before the practical had fully come.

Why, do not our men of science now use the Saints as specimens of abnormal psychology? So they do, making catalogues of their ecstasies and excesses, especially the latter, in much the

same manner, and often in the same spirit, that they do the flora and fauna, or the habits of insects. How easy it is to follow with a note-book the path of some God-entranced soul, jotting down here an odd act, there a wild word, and piece together a picture of eccentricity —forgetting that words are made for the ordinary uses of life, and are as unhappy as bewildered beggars before a throne when some mighty spirit leads them elsewhere. Yet so it is that men of our time treat those great words, dark with excess of light, aglow with flashes of fire—words as simple as the speech of a child, but bearing the wisdom of those who might have returned from the dead.

Nor is the case much better in the Church. Even in that communion where "the prayers of Saints do inly burn," they are worshipped, it may be, more than they are followed. Away from that altar they are seldom named, much less studied for what they may have to teach us of the way of the blessed life. Few of them, indeed, live in the memories of men. St. Augustine still takes us into his confidence, and St. Francis is still our "little brother of the poor," pious and merry, a child of the Sun, a

crowning blossom in the field of humanity—a centre of light where malice, suspicion, distrust, self-glory, have never cast their shade. For the rest, that shining company seem to have retreated into the far distance behind the great fissure of the Reformation, and not all the efforts of hagiologists have made them real. They can hardly come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to their vanished world, so vast is our divergence from their thought, not simply as to this or that doctrine, but in our whole attitude, insight, and outlook upon life.

Should we be thankful to live when we do? Certainly. He is a poor prophet, and no poet at all, who would disparage the noble, fruitful, aspiring life of to-day. Still, with all our ethical earnestness, our humane passion, our demand for social justice, and our broader and kinder creeds, something is lacking—something fair and fine and lovely. Who does not feel it in himself, in the type of person he meets, as well as in the tone and temper of our time? What is this nameless and lost beauty that we miss? What, indeed, if it be not the healing humility, the heroic self-effacement, the bound-

ing self-impartation of the Saints? They had a radiance of faith, a fearless and glad abandon, and a certain high and haunting kind of goodness, touched at times with splendour and fire, rarely seen among us. Daringly radical, they were divinely gentle. Grown gray with grief for the woes of mankind, they were yet citizens of a Land of Prayer in which they found peace, albeit without ease. Withal, they had that bright courage which dares the mad whirl of the world and plucks victory from the jaws of the impossible. Having ceased to honour and study the heroes of faith, have we not lost, or failed to win, their heroic accent and enthusiasm? Such a result is only natural, for it is where the Saints are known and loved that saints are created.

Alas! the Church of our day seems well-nigh to have forgotten "the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints." Practical? No doubt; but it is sadly prosaic—lacking glow, colour, power, joy! Once the Church supported men, upholding with a fortifying comfort the sore-vexed and sorrow-bound, the weary and heavy laden: now men are besought to support the Church. To-day

we defend the Faith, whereas it is the Faith that should defend us from the lusts of the flesh, the fear of the grave, and the besieging vanities of life. Is it audacity, then, for any one to suggest that we have something to learn from the Saints? They knew nothing about evolution, creative or otherwise, and they may have thought the world flat. Nevertheless, they have much to teach us for our profit; and if they were not up to date, they at least made shining dates in the history of faith.

II

WHAT IS A SAINT?

FIRST of all, there must be some kind of answer to that most perturbing question, What is a Saint?—a question which, whatever may be the creed of the inquirer, is bound to make him ill at ease. For saintliness is as great a mystery as genius. Some hold indeed that it *is* a rare and radiant form of genius, only granted to a few, and that it is not desirable that it should be otherwise. Fearless, flaming, revolutionary, by its divine daring it sets up the ideal, which the average man must adapt to the needs of daily life—and so adjust the balance. Perhaps; but what is this but the comfortable old dogma of the Average in which we may easily wrap ourselves and loiter, lagging behind as much by our laziness as by our inability? From such a dogma it is only one short step to a denial of the attainment of the Saint because we have not won it.

Genius is indeed a mystery—a ray of white light falling from afar into our dark human world. Compact of light and flame and beauty, it makes all things vivid, bringing out the colours of our gray human life as a sunburst evokes the loveliness of the earth on a drab day. It moves swiftly and with an incandescent vitality. It achieves the impossible. It sees what other men look at. It packs a volume into a single flashing line. Saintliness, when illumined by great and beautiful genius, as it was in St. Francis, is the rarest and most precious gift of God to man—making the Kingdom of Heaven, for a brief time, something more than a visionary scene suspended in the sky. But the two are not the same. Often the Saints were endowed with great genius, drawing men after them with the lure of a unique and compelling charm. Often; but not always. Some of them had no genius, so far as we can discern, save that genius for purity and goodness which it is the privilege of every man to possess. Any one who has worked for long among poor and simple folk has found many a saint of purest ray, inarticulate and unknown, living under

hard conditions, yet always in the air of Reality and with a nameless beauty of soul. Having known such, one feels that the uniqueness of the great Saints lies not so much in their experience as in their gift of telling the vision, rare gift as it often was.

What is a Saint? If we turn to the Bible—the Guide-Book of the Saints—we find that all the lovers of God, all the followers of Christ are called Saints, without discrimination. It knows no difference between a Christian and a Saint. Every Christian is called to be a Saint; and what strikes one in that Book of the Presence is its sense of the liberty, the possibility, the naturalness, and the joy of the highest life of faith. Surely we are saved as much by its faith in us as by our faith in it, since it calls us to perfection, nothing less or else, while imputing to us, prophetically, that which we may be and are to be, through the grace of Him who is King of Saints. Yet even in the Bible, for all its grand democracy of appeal, many are called, but few are chosen to be leaders of faith—chosen, it may be, because of a certain genius for the Unseen, but also, and much more, because they choose to make a whole-hearted

response, a deliberate movement in quest of the Truth that makes men free.

Must we say, then, as the manner of some is, that there are two Christianities, one for the few and the other for the crowd? Our democratic age, which seeks to impose its ideals even upon the Kingdom of Heaven, will not have it so. Nor need we affirm it. Nevertheless, there is a higher form of the Christian life to which few attain, only because a very few try for it. Else why the many called and the few chosen? Why the words of the Master about His "little flock," given Him out of the apathetic mass? Why the lives of the Saints who walk the heights while we wander in the valleys? Whether by aptitude or effort, these are they who, waking early, ran ahead of us to the Mount of Vision, and have returned with shining faces, speaking in words often cryptic and veiled. Yet their ministry to us is made possible by the presence in us of a sense, however dim, of a high and revealing life to which we too are called, but have failed to follow and obey.

By a Saint is meant one who, by the culture of the life of Faith and Love, has overcome the

world and attained to spiritual victory. No one, not even the greatest of the Saints, achieves this victory easily or all at once, much less by his own might or skill. In the *Confessions* of St. Augustine we follow a mighty soul struggling with intellectual and sensual difficulties, the memory of which gave cast and colour to all his thinking in after years; but he won at last, and became a leader and helper of others. Wesley was timid, formal, austere, and halting at first, afraid of death, lacking power; a "slave, not a son." But by seeking, by struggle, by prayer, and above all by that ultimate self-surrender which is the secret of the Saints, he won peace and power. Nor does any one win this victory once for all. Who does not know how the Saints were tormented by doubts, fears and bafflements to the very end, whereof they have left such vivid record! Life is a conflict to the last; and we shall not be so easily disheartened if we face this fact, and cease to expect that which has never been promised. The value to us of the lives of the Saints is that they show us the path to victory, and lead the way—for we are helped in this world less by what men say, than by the foot-

steps of those who passed before us through difficulties like our own.

Are there any Saints to-day? Assuredly, a host of them, and they are the salt of the earth and the hope of the Church, as ever the Saints have been. There was the life of Phillips Brooks, high, pure, radiant, richly human, infinitely tender; a soul aglow with a divine passion—than which nothing more beautiful has been seen in any land. If it differed in outward form from the life of Francis of Assisi, its spirit was yet the same. Catherine of Siena was heroic and lovely, gentle and austere, but no more a Saint than Florence Nightingale who heard "a call of God to be a saviour," and was not disobedient to the heavenly voice. None the less, it may be said that the difference between religious men to-day and those of former times is that in the Saints religion was a spontaneous, primitive, creative power, whereas with us it is for the most part imitative and secondary. At any rate, now that Tolstoi and Booth are gone we have no world-commanding religious genius. This may be due in part to the spirit of the age, though the men of other ages might have thought, with

equal reason, that the temper of their times was unfriendly to the life of faith.

No; the real reason lies deeper, nor is it our present quest—but, rather, to inquire how the Saints may help us to overcome it. In the art of exegesis, in the details of dogma, they may often have been in error, but in the main thing they alone are wise; only they are practical. Living as we are in the days of the Church Humilitant, it behooves us to listen to their high and sweet wisdom. Either we must go forward to a greater Christianity or be forced out of religion altogether by the tide now flowing. What we need is not more organization, more conventions, more committees, lest the discrepancy between activity and results become still more pathetic. It is something far more drastic, because it is more individual and inward—a deeper life of the Spirit that will give to the Church a self-forgetting note of power, and to the pulpit a momentousness of insight and appeal.

III

WHO ARE THE SAINTS?

WHO are the Saints? "Perhaps," said Erasmus in one of his letters, remembering the gracious things which he had found in classic literature; "perhaps the Spirit of Christ pours itself forth more widely than we interpret; and many are in the fellowship of the Saints who are not, according to our judgment, in the catalogue. I scarce refrain myself from saying: 'St. Socrates, pray for us!'" At any rate, we may reopen the catalogue and admit to its honour those who by right of purity of life, beauty of spirit, and depth of insight and influence belong among the leaders and teachers of faith.

So, for the purposes of this essay, by the Saints we shall mean, first, all those who of right belong in the calendar; and second, all who, in our judgment, ought to be there. In short, the calendar of the Church universal, without regard to creed or clime—the great

masters of the religious life who have shown us to what fine issues our mortal life ascends in "these short days of sun and frost," by following Christ. They are a goodly company, of whom the world is not worthy; of many races, tongues, and creeds; but they speak with an eternal unanimity in behalf of the great realities of faith, and in words that have upon them the dew of things unspeakable. They are the lure of analytic minds, and their despair. They make havoc of preconceptions; they defy classification. Coming swiftly, in the darkest times, they leave behind them a path of light, filling men with wonder and awe. They are to religion what Homer and Dante are to literature —lovers of the beauty of holiness, as the poets are lovers of the holiness of beauty. As such they are the most indubitable witnesses of the authenticity of our religion, and its most luminous exemplars; and they have been the saviours of the Church in every dark age of its long story, as they will be to-day if we hear them.

Who are the Saints? Their name is legion, for many have walked that long white way whose names the big world has never heard.

Many of them sleep in graves over which stands no slab, forgotten of man. Will there ever be a great Day of Assize when those who lived nobly and perished utterly, leaving no name in history, shall be crowned as they deserve to be? Never upon this earth! They must sleep forgotten in the indistinguishable dust, with no hope of record: content to live in the good wrought by their obliteration, and be remembered only in that anthem which in the future it will be ordained shall be sung in honour of all brave and beautiful spirits who have ascended from the moral battle-fields of time. Perhaps, somewhere, a Book is kept in which high human worth is duly appraised, and in that book, if such there be, will be found the real explanation of our human advance. There are recorded the lives of the hidden heroes and saints of our race into whose labours we have entered, of whose sowing we reap the harvest, and because of whose faithfulness we have a firmer faith.

Yet there are great names that stand out from the mists, clear and unforgetable—like stars in the crown of humanity. If Francis of Assisi was a Saint, which no one ever denied,

so, surely, was Savonarola. If Loyola deserves that distinction—having been won to saintliness by reading the *Lives of the Saints*—so does Luther. Any list of the victors of faith must include names as far apart in time and thought as Augustine and Edwards, Eckhart and Emerson, Teresa and Tauler, Jacob Boehme and John Bunyan, Molinos and Maurice, Hus and Fox, Wycliffe and Wesley, to name but a few. Yet even the briefest roster should not forget Ruysbroeck and his spiritual sons, among whom was the man who attained to what Pater called "the clear, cold, inaccessible, impossible heights of the Book of the Imitation,"—that wise soul who found peace "in a little nook with a little book," and whose tiny book of the Following of Christ has been as the bread of life to a multitude. Such a calendar would embrace many others, and surely the name of John Woolman, an almost perfect Christian—a man whose life was Love, and whose memory is ladened with the perfume and bird-song of heaven. Although a quietist in faith, he wore his days out in benign activity in behalf of liberty, purity, pity, and peace. Seekers we find everywhere, but where else can we find

such richness of attainment in the life of vision and service!

Who are the Saints? Aye, they were men and women of like passions and infirmities as ourselves who, by the grace of God, won victory over a life like our own. Some of them were rich, but wealth did not harden their hearts; others were poor, but poverty did not make them sullen or bitter: one at least was a king upon a throne. They knew how to be abased and how to be exalted; how to abound, and how to be in want—having a faith independent of outward circumstance and the things by which we set so much store. They suffered, but were not conquered; were persecuted, but not cast down; reviled, but not dismayed. They stood by open graves, burying the loves of life and the fellowships of years: and no words of sorrow are more moving than the lament of St. Bernard for his brother, or of St. Augustine for his friend. They faced victory without pride, and defeat without despair. Aye, they knew our mortal lot, from its great tragedies to its "insect miseries"; and when we listen to their simple words we feel that here are men and women telling us

about life who have ceased to fear it, having felt its worst and found its best.

They err who think that the Saints lived aloof and apart from life as men have to live it. Far otherwise. They were nobly and tirelessly active, men mighty in word and deed, uniting a heavenly vision with a bright-eyed sagacity in affairs. Did not Joan of Arc lead an army and crown a king? Where is there a more perfect picture of domestic attachment and patrician consecration than the life of St. Matilda of Germany—a noble mother, lovely in her life, radiant in her faith? How unforgetable is St. Elizabeth of Thuringia, a royal nurse, frail unspeakably, heroic, patient, devoted. What life in our age is more crowded with activity than that of Vincent de Paul—the religious, the practical genius; a master of organization; the evoker of some of the noblest bands of missioners at home and abroad; the creator of the Sisters of Charity, of homes for deserted babies, of hospitals for the galley-slaves; a philanthropist who was yet a mystic keeping the Place of Prayer, as Sir Lancelot kept the Castle of *Joyous Gard* in the *Morte d'Arthur*, whence he issued forth to rescue

the oppressed, and to do knightly deeds. Some of the Saints were almost illiterate, while others were among the greatest thinkers and scholars the world has ever known. Did not the flashing intellect of St. Augustine—called by Harnack "the first modern man,"—shape the thoughts of men for a thousand years? Was not Boehme the father of German philosophy? They held almost every station in life, from that of a dish-washer in a Carmelite kitchen to a king in his royal robes, and did every kind of work. Yet were they victors over our mortal lot through Him whom they loved and followed!

IV

THE MYSTIC WAY

HOW the Saints won their victory, what methods they used, what path they walked—these we know, and the way they have shown us. If it seems a high and lonely way, narrow and hard, Tolstoi has told us that renunciation, so far from being hard, is as nothing beside what men suffer who walk the rough way of the world. Certainly, the path "the Saints have trod" leads ever towards the Light, albeit through "the dark night of the soul." Here they have something to tell those who are striving, as so many are to-day, to find the secret of joy. Over against our confusion, they testify that the yoke of Christ is easy and His burden light, when once we have made what Jones Very called "the great sacrifice" of our wills to a Will higher, holier, and wiser than our own. They began with the same failings that we have, and with the same fears, but by persistence and earnestness they won. Often mistaken in theory, sometimes

superstitious, while these things may have hindered, they did not detain them in their quest.

However the Saints may have differed in temperament, training, and the details of experience, they walked the same path and found the same secret: withdrawal from dependence on things lower than the soul, the giving of themselves utterly to God, the dedication of their lives to the needs of others—and at bottom these three are one. Always the process is the same, known by us as the five steps of the Mystic Way—Awakening, Purgation, Illumination, the Dark Night of the Soul, Union. It is a hard way, harder for some than for others, so much so that it may almost be said that few attain to saintliness who do not pass through Hell to win it. At any rate, not Dante himself ever wrote more vivid pages than those of the Saints describing the path of flame they walked to the Mount of Vision. 'Tis in vain that we reason with our discomfort and try to prove that the lives of the Saints were unnatural; or explain the wonder by saying that they had the gift of genius. Say, rather, that we are loitering in the low places, too fickle to be faithful, too feeble to be heroic.

Following with eager step, they ran beyond us along the way to the City of the great King, and do not need our maps to guide them—keener critics of themselves than we have the wit or the right to be.

Not all of their methods can be used by us, though even their extremes teach us more than is to be learned from the lore of the world. St. Anthony was unable to conquer the lusts of the flesh save by the most horrible asceticism. We find it easier, not because we do it, but because few even attempt it, with the result that it is "sex o'clock" with us and a wide-spread sensuality is poisoning the life of the race. St. Francis found freedom and fearlessness of soul by renunciation of wealth, the better to rebuild a crumbling church. Not so the men of to-day, who hold wealth to be the basis of freedom and security—only, with all our getting, the security is as far off as ever, when we do not fall into a pitiful poverty of soul. Admit that Loyola went to excesses, dangerous alike in theory and in practice, in his effort to escape from self and its obsession. We read Nietzsche, who is all for untrammelled self-assertion, and that, too, when the only self we

possess is hardly worth asserting—cannot, indeed, be asserted, for that it is ignorant, unbalanced, untaught. If nothing else were gained, it means much to prove that self can be conquered, that we can do without things and yet win what is most worth winning.

How often it has been said that the Saints ran away from the world, seeking victory by escape. And how far it is from the fact. St. Paul went away into Arabia, as his Master was driven into the wilderness—knowing that no man wins a victory unless he wins it in himself before he arrives on the field. If the Saints went away into silence, it was to return in power, conquering and to conquer, often, like their Leader, by seeming defeat. Thomas à Kempis—he of all men!—has been the target for this thrust, from the days of Thackeray to our own. Royce speaks of the *Imitation* as a fascinating but dangerous book of genius, born of a mystical adoration which "induces acts, but they are done in a dream-like somnambulistic ecstasy. Strength this love has, but it is the strength of gazing."[1] What a reading of a

[1] *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*, Lecture II. Further along he compares à Kempis with Schopenhauer, and adds:

life that was simple, quiet, modest, and full of benign activities! What of it? Even if it were true, not all men are born to act, much less to be always doing things without knowing how, why, or whether they are worth doing or no. Nor does any one man embody the perfect ideal. But is there no room for the seer? Thomas à Kempis gazing? Just so, but what did those bright eyes *see* in their "long look heavenwards"? Ask the myriads who owe to him their souls; ask Matthew Arnold who found that little book not only fascinating, but a rod and a staff in a dark night of sorrow—as witness his *Note-Book.*

For the teaching of the *Imitation* we need go no further than the last line quoted by

the latter's "pessimism being simply the doctrine of the *Imitation*, with the glory of God left out" (Lecture VIII). Exactly; the Saint sees all that the pessimist sees, but he sees through the shadow and beyond it. What is true of the *Imitation* in this regard is true of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and of *The Labyrinth*, by Komensky. If Thomas à Kempis was a pessimist, so was St. Paul, whose vision of the world was not less dark. Leave out the glory of God, and we are all pilgrims of Vanity Fair. Thackeray wrote very hard words about the *Imitation*, but he would not have done so late in life, when, at last, he escaped from the clutch of fatalism into the liberty of the love of God. (*The Spiritual Drama in the Life of Thackeray*, by N. W. Stephenson, 1913.)

Arnold: "We must die unto ourselves if we would not be displeased and troubled." That is the sum of its wisdom—the paradox which has meant everything to the Saints: that he who would lay hold of eternal life must lay aside self: the conquest of self by self-surrender to the highest laws of life, which Jesus taught in Galilee, and which Shakespeare came, at last, in *The Tempest*, to know. "Put on the new man; and be changed into another man." So spake the mysterious hermit to Gerard Groote in the market-place of Cologne; and so speaks the disciple of Groote, in his golden little book, to all who have ears to hear in the crowded market-place of this "corruptible" world. Our wise and witty age has sought out many inventions, but it never yet has found a truer or a better way to victory of soul!

V

CROWNS OF LIGHT

SUCH lives lend themselves easily to legend, and about the heads of the Saints are woven bright haloes of miracle, sometimes lovely, often fantastic, always significant. Wherefore that crown of light? Is it nothing more than the inarticulate poetry of mankind stupidly agape as after a vanished aurora? Why are such figures so wildly fascinating, if it be not that at heart all men are mystics, impatient of life which we call finite, and longing for a more than mortal beauty? The note of the saintly life is unworldliness—devotion to the things of the spirit, narrowly conceived oftentimes, yet always heroic with a daring and reckless goodness; and there are few things which we of this age need more than to know men and women who lived, not for that which exists by passing away, but for the things which are immortal. Have we lost our sense of hero-worship that our pulses no

longer quicken at thought of the heroes and poets of faith?

Who can read the life of Francis of Assisi and not feel growing up in his own heart, if he be not dead of soul, the wonder and awe of which those legends were the flower? What is it that stirs us so deeply, like a lost remembered melody, in that life so rich in poverty that it makes pitiful the strange poverty of the rich? What, indeed, but his childlikeness of soul, which brings a whiff of half-forgotten memories back across the years—only, alas, he was such a child as we never yet have been! We must needs be born again to become as little children, if so that we may enter the Kingdom of Heaven. He, too, was born again, but he kept the heart and faith of a little child to the end—singing in the twilight, unafraid of the Dark. It is therefore that we love him, wondering the while at the wideness of his pity, the depth of his joy, and the revealing clarity of his insight. Reading the story of his days evokes within us the soul of the child that is never lost, but only blurred, in the man and woman. There was a life duplicate of our own in its humanity, but disinfected of the

things that make us sad for or hateful of ourselves or others; a life childlike, and therefore wise with the wisdom of innocence and beauty; gentle, yet strong to endure and conquer. What man can read it without feeling that he is of finer stuff than old Time has turned him into; without longing for the glory of such a faith to glamour the dingy days which are but a muddled memory of what they ought to be!

Take away their halo of legend, and the Saints are even more fascinating, because more real, more sweetly human, and nearer to our hearts—and not one whit less heroic. Were they perfect? Not at all, neither did they claim to be, though it would not be easy to find evil in them after their victory. St. Teresa said she saw one thing good in the world, namely, that it would not condone "the faults of the Saints," and that the power of its murmurs made them the more perfect. St. Chrysostom went further: "The philanthropy of God in consideration for the weakness of the human race not only caused the successes of the Saints to be written, but turned their sins into medicines, that their wounds might be a healing to their fellows, and the shipwreck

of the righteous prove a haven to the sinner." Keenly aware of the presence of sin, they sought ardently, persistently, unrestingly for that purity which is not only pure, but purifying. What horror of sin was theirs, what abject humility of confession, what burning passion for holiness! No, they were not perfect, save as we see them now, purged by death of their infirmity. Is this no more than a fancy? May we not think that the change through which they have passed in the minds of men corresponds, in some way, to something real that has happened to them? This at least is true: since they no longer wear our flesh, they know not its weakness or its weariness.

If one lay down the first All-Saints'-Day sermon by Tauler, or the meditations of St. Bonaventura on *The Ladder of Virtues*, and take up a volume of modern religious discourse, one is struck by the complete change that has taken place betimes. The advice of time past emphasized renunciation, fortitude, endurance, patience: whereas to-day man bears less, exacts more, and endures less willingly. Often the Saints seemed to seek suffering as other men seek happiness—not an ignoble instinct, surely,

but allied with those impulses whence spring the finest deeds of heroism—for they knew that suffering is a purifying and unifying force, while happiness is so often divisive. Their insight was fathoms deeper than our modern Worship of Success, and less perilous than our Cult of Comfort which seeks always how to smooth the way to health, ease, and joy—when, indeed, it does not actually deny that sin and sorrow exist. No doubt the Saints went to excess; but they were nobler in their errors than we are in much of our wisdom. If they made a virtue of pain, they at least kept their souls alive and alert—awake to the realities, happy in obedience, rich in faith; and if they had "a wise passiveness" towards God, they were sleeplessly active in behalf of man.

Any one who has studied the Lives of the Saints knows that the deepest note of their song was not suffering, but a victorious, unfathomable joy. "God is happiness," said St. Augustine; "not simply true, but Truth; not only beautiful, but Beauty—and in Him, from Him, and through Him all things are happy and true and lovely which are so at all." The religion of the Saints of every period and every

creed has all the ardences of youth—vigour, longing, grace, wonder: it has ever been the lyric note of holiness. Saints are, above all, those who enjoy; no mere renouncers; no ascetics, save for an end. No practice of goodness but is touched for them with a kind of glee, and whatever blows they suffer in the service of love are as nothing beside their inward joy. Those who think of the Saints as poor, sad mortals ought to know St. Bernardino, "wittiest of saints ever caught up into the clouds," or listen to the rippling laughter of Catherine or Teresa. They went singing through the world, and surely those who lived so blithely, so abundantly, so radiantly, have something to teach us.

VI

WITNESSES FOR CHRIST

FOR one thing, the Lives of the Saints are a triumphant apologetic for our Christian faith. Were there more Saints there would be less need of apologetic; it would not be easy, as all will agree, to construct an apology for faith out of the conduct of average Christians: there is so much clay mixed with the gold. There is, though, a silent and humble apostolate of good lives always going on, and, if hidden from the world, it is not without influence and power. But in the lives of the Saints the results of our faith are writ large and shown to all the world, as a challenge and an inspiration. Make no mistake; not one of the Saints but would protest against our using them as witnesses for faith. They were clothed with humility, and they counted not themselves to have attained, but were only seekers after the perfect way. Nevertheless, they bear witness for "the faith

once delivered to the Saints," not as a thesis arguable by logic, but in a series of "living letters," to be read by all who have eyes to see.

The late William James, in what he called his "Critique of Pure Saintliness," found in those radiant lives a supreme witness to the reality of the Unseen. That is, in so far, true enough; but let us specify in regard to an important matter. There are those who are wont to say that the difference between Christ and ourselves is one of degree, not of kind. Whether this be so or not is not for this essay to argue. But this is clear: the strongest, whitest, sweetest souls this earth has known did not find it so. The more closely they followed after Him, pushing through the thick of things and touching the hem of His seamless robe, the more they found Him to be immeasurably, incomparably, unspeakably, ineffably greater than themselves! If they ascended to dizzy heights, such as mortals seldom attain while wearing this muddy vesture of decay, they saw, always, above and beyond them, One whom they were following.

St. Paul, after his conversion, had but one ambition—to live the life of Christ, and to be

counted worthy to bear about in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. Yet that prince of mystics, to whose ceaseless evangel we owe so much, was able to embody only a small part of the riches of grace that are in the mind of the Master. St. Francis was a man who saw ever the eternal hills. To his gayest hours they formed the background, and by their height he measured all things else. But that noble and gracious spirit, with its blend of poetry, piety and pity, and its life of beauty in "the Galilee of Italy," was only a star deriving its light from One whom it loved and obeyed. Take Pascal, with his abject faith, his sense of "that unbearable need which disturbs the heart of man, and will not be comforted"; take Newman, with his unearthliness of intellect, and his awful vision of the Unseen—how far away they were from Christ, though they were seeking Him day and night. So we might call the roll of those who have heard the perpetual liturgy of heaven, from St. Bernard to St. Phillips Brooks, and with one accord they confess Him to be the ideal of their dreams, the light of their lives, the goal of their quest!

So consistent a testimony of the loftiest souls

to the unique and supreme divinity of Christ is surely impressive, and it is amazing that the Church has so rarely made use of it. It is so overwhelming, indeed, so authentic and undeniable, that some of us are willing to confess, that, if we were doubters of Christ, if we could find our way to no certainty as to any document about Him, and even questioned whether He ever lived or not, the lives of His Saints, by their sense of His living Presence, their constant victory over life and death through Him, as well as by the splendour of their moral loveliness, would win us to be humble lovers and followers of their Master! Here is an authority, if that is what one seeks, which criticism leaves unshaken; the authority, not of argument, but of experience; not of logic, but of life and death and all that lies between—the only real authority of the Church, not that of her prelates, but of her Saints!

Nor is it the witness of one age, or of one cast of mind, or of one type of experience; but an anthem composed of many voices, many tones, many variations, but all blending in one melody. As a youth Augustine was a libertine, spending his days in riotous living, but Christ

raised him from thence and cleansed him. That was his experience, rich and wonderful, whereof he has left record in pages that can never die. But others as holy, as wise, and as true taught differently, because their experience was different. Clement of Alexandria was born a pagan and nurtured in the literature and philosophy of Greece, and, happily, kept from the pollution of his surroundings. Like many another, he craved for intellectual satisfaction, and after years of riotous thinking he found it in Christ. If in his writings he says little about sin, he says much about Christ as a Teacher. For Woolman, who was so tender of heart that the sight of suffering afflicted him like a calamity, Christ was a fathomless Compassion, an ineffable Pity. And thus they testify to Christ as the Divine Reality so far as we can know it, or need to know it: One who satisfies all types and conditions of minds, and in whom they find a tie of fellowship; all one in their littleness, but one, also, in their joy—His grace as manifold as human life is various and human needs diverse.

VII

THE GIFT OF THE WORD

BUT the intent of this essay was not to suggest an apologetic, but to inquire what the Saints have to teach us as to the greatest of all arts—the art, that is, of the culture of the inner life of faith and vision. Because this high art is well-nigh lost among us; because we hardly know its alphabet, we need to put ourselves to school to the masters of it. It is the grave defect of our age that it lacks definite purpose and method in the culture of the life of the spirit; and this of itself is quite enough to account for its penury of faith and paucity of power, without recourse to intellectual difficulties. Of this high art the Saints were adepts. They did not cultivate it fitfully and intermittently, as we are apt to do, but rigorously, persistently, profoundly, and it is thus that they can teach us what we most need to learn. It would be hard to exaggerate their knowledge of the human heart and of the

world—though some think they hardly saw the world.

Pilgrims they were, seeking a country, their eyes fixed on some star visible to themselves alone, yet how curiously keen in seeing through what was near. One might almost reproduce the customs and costumes of Constantinople from the sermons of Chrysostom, or those of Florence from the philippics of Savonarola. They described the sins of their day minutely and in detail, as when, in the forty-second sermon of St. Bernardino, in the *Opera Omnia*, we read the best account we possess of a fifteenth century gaming-house. Wise and witty, Fra Barnardino kept his eyes open to see, perceiving how easily asceticism may be carried to excess, how narrow is the borderland between mysticism and sensuality, and how frequently freedom from doubt may be due to ignorance rather than to faith. The best satire of Cervantes is not more dainty than the *Letters* of St. Teresa. How often one is reminded of Sancho and the Don in reading of her journeys, of the people, and of the escapades she meets with. Her words are charged with a vitality so intense that across the years they bring the

very accents of the living woman. Not many men of to-day are more widely in touch with the life of our time than St. Catherine was with her age, or could describe it more vividly. St. Augustine was surely the equal of Shakespeare in force of genius, and nothing seemed to escape his quick and piercing eye.

Indeed, it was this capacity for experience, this power of observation, turned inward, which made the Saints such searchers of the human heart as the world has seldom seen. One reads the *Journal* of Woolman—who so feared fluency—the writings of Wesley and William Law, the letters of Fénelon and Francis de Sales, the autobiographies of Augustine and Teresa, with an abiding sense of wonder. They watch the most secret motions of the soul, tracking the faintest ripple of feeling and the mighty storms of passion. They know every subterfuge, every sophism, every by-path whereby man seeks to escape duty or avoid effort. No more subtle analyzers of the processes of spiritual experience, especially on its emotional and volitional side, ever lived. The pull this way and that of motives, the ebb and flow of moral resolution, the glow or fading of

faith, are described by them with amazing insight. For those whose hearts are sore, or weary, or scarred by sin, or who desire to kindle their dimly burning torch of faith at a great flame, the lives and letters of those long dead men and women are as fresh as the dawn.

With this insight was joined a power of expressing what they saw in swift, deft, vivid language, as rare as it is delightful. They had, many of them, the literary gift in consummate degree; art without the art, literary finish without the labour: and all laid out to the finest of uses—to tell of the life of God in the soul of man. At times their words strike the fire in the diamond, and let light through the shadows into the life of things. There was prayer and fasting in their style, as in their lives, giving it a peculiar white beauty, and a music which leaves a still singing in the mind. Simple to austerity, with a gem-bright lucidity, it can pack great wealth of thought into a single line, flashing at every facet. The style of St. Augustine is lyrical with a prose so simple, so familiar, and which yet has the exaltation of great poetry. It can pass, without change of tone, from a boyish escapade, to

the most poignant lament for a friend out of sight, and to the loftiest fellowship with God. Even Catherine of Siena, who did not learn to write until three years before her death, left us letters in which we can hear her voice, "now pleading with friend or wrong-doer, now brooding as a mother-bird over some fledgling soul, now broken with sobs over the sins of Church and world, and again chanting high prophecy of restoration and renewal, or telling in awe-struck undertone sacred mysteries of the interior life." Few have had their heart so truly at rest in God as Boehme, and therefore few have been able to write thus:

"The earnest souls who have here under the Cross worked the wonders of God in obedience, who are mighty in divine strength, who have put on Christ, and have walked in truth and righteousness, these their works do follow. They have unspeakable joy in the love and pity of God, for the gentle love of God surroundeth them alway. All the wonders of God are their food, and they live in a glory, a strength, a might, and a majesty of which no tongue can tell, for they are the children of God."

VIII

TEACHERS OF QUIETNESS

WHAT can the Saints teach us? First of all—if this essay has not loitered too long—it must be kept in mind that they were, without exception, quietists. They knew the deep truth of that line of the Psalmist: "Be still, and know that I am God;" and, knowing it, they found their way to the Place of Hearing. From that memorable page on which Augustine tells of his "one moment of knowledge," to a like page on which Woolman speaks of the prayer of silence whereby he learned to live "in inward stillness and happy humility of heart," their accent and emphasis are ever the same. In Silence they learned eloquence. "Waiting on God," or, in the beautiful Hebrew, "being still to God," they listened to those voices which will be audible when the noises of to-day have followed the feet that made them. How their words swayed under the burden of what they heard

in the silence! With what swift and flashing imagery they struggled to utter what was told them of "those white secrets which human words discolour"!

But for a dispute between Fénelon and Bossuet about the teaching of Madame Guyon, there had been no little book of *The Maxims of the Saints*, worth more than many a library. Cast into prison, Molinos distilled out of a pure heart, drop by drop, the essence of the teaching of all the Saints in *The Spiritual Guide*—a classic forever of the inner life! His gospel was denounced as a gospel of sloth, though it is, at heart, far otherwise: not the avoidance of effort, but its reward; for no one becomes passive before God without struggle and a decisive victory of the will. Quietism is not the slumberous rest of the eagle in the cleft of the rock, with wings idly folded, but the rest of the eagle when poised in the sunny air, floating in a sea of light. Whatever may be said of this gospel, it has endowed men with a strange strength both to do and to endure. Here is a gentle power which mere brute force cannot overcome, save to slay what then only dies to live more abundantly in the lives of others, and

grow—as the teaching of Molinos himself, suppressed by the Church, flowed on, now flooding the soul of Fénelon and Guyon, now running into channels already formed by the early Quakers, often descending out of sight, but never lost.

There have been minor mystics who divorced quiet from action, as in our day we divorce action from quiet; but the great Saints kept the two finely poised. It was Molinos who made the saying of Theophylact his own: "He always prays who does good works, nor does he neglect prayer but when he leaves off to be just." High up in the hinderlands of the soul these explorers of faith found an area of peace as secure from the din and care of the world as a still lake which lies among the hills, mirroring the sky. That does not mean that those who pitch their tents beside that still water know no care. Instead, they will not be free from care, but free of it—holding life, as every master holds the tools of his craft, with loose hands and the stroke of mastery. The Saints tell us how their sorrows and temptations were not separate from the life of faith, but a part of it: how they carried these

into the Divine Presence, and what high help awaited them there. They knew, what so many to-day forget, that the task is impossible without the vision. Taking refuge in the Eternal, they became fortresses of all the high interests of humanity—movers of the inert multitude, whom nothing could defeat because nothing could affright or dismay.

Have not the Saints something to teach us here? What do we of this noisy age need more than to learn how to be still, lest as the Wages of Hurry we lost our souls! Of Emerson it was said: "Where he was at all, he was altogether," and seldom has a more quiet and confident spirit moved amid the crass anxieties of the world. He was altogether where he was at all—altogether active when he had work to do, altogether quiet on those margins of quiet which lay around his toil. For lack of this "wise silence" we are distracted, and our energies are divided, so that we are never altogether anywhere, which means that we are really nowhere. May we not learn, then, in the interest of peace, sanity, and power, that, having a task to do, it must be done with application and dispatch, and that it will be the

better done, with finer tones and surer stroke, if we take time to sit quietly in the Church of Silence?

"Let any man go into silence, strip himself of all pretense, and selfishness, and sluggishness of soul; lift off thought after thought, passion after passion, till he reaches the innermost depths of all; remember how short a time and he was not at all, how short a time again and he will not be here; open the window and look out upon the night—how still its breath, how solemn its march, how deep its perspective, how ancient its forms of light—and think how little he knows except the perpetuity of God and the mysteriousness of life; and it will be strange if he does not feel the eternal Presence as close upon his soul as the breeze upon his brow; if he does not say, '*O Lord, art Thou ever as near as this, and have I not known Thee?*'"

IX

LOVERS OF GOD

OFTEN, as one reads the words of the Saints, it seems that we of this age hardly know what it is to love God. Take the letters of Samuel Rutherford. One must acknowledge, as one reads, with a sense of humiliation, that almost as far from us, or nearly so, as his antipathy for certain rites of his day, is his flaming personal love of his Lord. We cannot read a line without being aware that we are in the presence of a devotion so ardent, a repentance so healing, a surrender so complete as should make us hide our faces in mingled shame and awe. Who in our time could have written this passage from the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, which moves with the lilt of a lyric love of God?

"What is it that I love in loving Thee, O my God? Not corporeal beauty, nor the splendour of time, nor the radiance of the light, so pleasant to our eyes, nor the sweet melodies of songs of

all kinds, nor the fragrant smell of flowers, and ointments, and spices, not manna and honey, not limbs pleasant to the embracement of flesh. I love not these things when I love my God; and yet I love a certain kind of light, and sound, and fragrance, and food, and embracement in loving my God, who is light, sound, fragrance, food and embracement of my inner man—where that light shineth unto my soul which no place can contain, where that soundeth which time snatcheth not away, where there is a fragrance which no breeze disperseth, where there is a food which no eating can diminish, and where that clingeth which no satiety can sunder. This is what I love, when I love my God."

Truly here is one of the greatest lovers our earth has known, and therein lay the chief fact with regard to him. Augustine stands in history as one of the few supreme lovers of God, whose expressions of adoration and worship can be used in all ages. The grand element in his religion, deeper than all dogmas, was his vision of life as a personal fellowship with God. The object of his worship was not an abstraction; He was a Person who sought

the love of persons. In his devotional hours all dogma fell away, and his soul sang with lyric joy in the light and love of God. With him religion is always a spontaneous and overflowing passion for the Eternal Beauty. Hence the sweetness of that endless colloquy in prayer, into which he is always relapsing—a passionate glee which no one will understand to whom God is primarily a natural Power, or at best a Moral Ideal, and not a loving Friend.

So it has been with the Saints of every age, from St. John of the Cross to Erskine and McCheyne.[1] St. Teresa prayed for a cup of water in one hand and a torch in the other, that with the one she might extinguish the fires of Hell and with the other burn up the glories of Heaven—that so men might learn to do right for its own sake, and love God for His infinite loveliness. But perhaps the most

[1] There are few sadder things in this world than a great soul endowed with a genius for the Unseen who lets go of a high faith, or fails to win it. Here lay, perhaps, the unuttered secret of Nietzsche—as it surely was with Carlyle, who had the genius of a prophet but failed of the faith of a prophet. Recall that noble passage in *Sartor Resartus* beginning, "Poor, wandering, wayward man," and think of what it might have been had the writer won the high, rejoicing faith of Phillips Brooks.

amazing utterance of the love of man for God in the annals of our race is to be found in the *Cantica Canticorum*, eighty-six sermons on the first two chapters of the Song of Songs, by St. Bernard. In his hands a richly sensuous poem became a chalice into which he poured a love of God so pure, so passionate, so radiant that it dazzles by its depths and beauty. And always it was a love for God as He is revealed in Christ:

> "Jesus, the very thought of Thee
> With sweetness fills my breast."

For St. Bernard the very name of Jesus, familiar as dear, was a sweet ointment, a salutary medicine, a nourishment for the faint, a light in the obscure night. Think of Francis of Assisi, transformed by a vision of Jesus, like Saul on the Damascus road; and "from that hour his heart was wounded and melted at the remembrance of his Lord." Yea, though sundered far by Time and Distance, it is at the foot of the Cross that the Communion of the Saints assembles!

With the Saints, as with their Master, love of God was ever the central principle and passion

of religion. They placed it first, and deduced all else from it; and therein they were true to the ultimate realities—for the modern tendency to give priority to the love of man, while it may be excellent ethics, is not the mighty gospel which inspires heroic and joyous self-sacrifice for the lowly and the unlovely. And with their love of God, so deep and rich and warm, there went, without fail, as its flower and fruit, a passionate care for man. What divine charity was in the hearts of the Saints! Read any of their letters, and you will feel, despite the cold type, the exquisite and healing sympathy in which they wrapped even the most forlorn and sin-bespattered fellow mortal. Their touch in wiping away human tears was so infinitely tender that it makes one guess what the hand of God will be. How quick and eager and busy were their hands in the doing of good—going through plague, disease, hunger, cold, and death itself, shedding their lives like worthless garments, in the service of their kind!

X

TONGUES OF FLAME

WHAT preachers they were—men whose hearts God by His own hand of power had touched with light and fire! Who can convey any impression of an eloquence so unaffected, so graceful, so tender, so penetrating, which had in it tones so sweet and haunting that they must have been caught from the overheard conversations of the angels? And such sermons! They were miracles of bright, revealing insight, aglow with beauty and touched, at times, with such a light as shines nowhere else outside the Bible. There are sentences in the sermons of the Saints which startle by their depth and reach of vision —swift flashes of light which let us see, for a brief moment, the worth of life and the meaning of the world. Such words are deeds. They have a life, quiet, deep, undeniable; and they grow. They people the vacuity of Time

with shapes of truth and beauty, and make it green and worthy.

Some one should make a little Book of the Wisdom of the Saints—like the *Flores* from Fathers, so common in the seventeenth century —if only to show what a light from their lives falls upon our human way. There is a religious use of worldly wisdom, of which they were not unaware; but their real wisdom is heavenly, as when, for example, St. Bonaventura saw the company of the Saints, "adorned each with his distinguishing trophies and graces, in which every one will possess in others every gift he hath not, and all other gifts which himself hath, doubled so many times as he hath partners in bliss." High as the heavens is that vision above the petty jealousies which mutilate and imbitter our mortal life. If their lives were ethereal, more often their counsel was very practical and usable, as when William Law urges us to set apart as holy unto God some place, be it only a corner or a closet, and keep it sacred to prayer, on the ground that "no man will be able to pray with profit in every place unless he has learned to pray in a particular place, and to employ some

space of time therein." Perhaps a brief catena will best exhibit the quality of their wisdom:

Nothing is really small. Every bird that flies carries a thread of the Infinite in its claws.

He who seeks his own loses the things that are in common. The good man envies no one since he has no private joy.

Verily, were there anything nobler than sorrow, God would have redeemed man thereby. Sorrow is the dog of that good Shepherd who guides the flock of men.

The perfect soul rejoices more in the differences among men than it would in seeing them all walk in the same way, saying, "Thanks be to Thee, Eternal Father, that Thou hast many mansions in Thy house."

Thus you see that I am so far from being in a Way by myself, that I am with every man in every way, whose heart stands right towards God.

Learn from Francis, that ideals ought to be put into practice. For we know as much as we do.

All Truth is a shadow except the last—except the utmost, yet every Truth is true in its kind: substance in its own place, though it be a shadow in another place.

Oh, the depth of the wisdom of love! The subtility of it! The ingenuity of it! To call us "sons of God"; and before we know what has happened, "behold, so we are!"

"Oh, that I certainly knew!" . . . "What wouldst thou do if this certain knowledge were bestowed on thee? Do now what

thou wouldst do then, and rest secure in thy perseverance."

Woe for us if we yearn for rest, as if peace and safety were with us, when as yet no true sign of holiness appears in our lives.

Care not to present a finished work to God, who is infinite love, and demands from thee only infinite desire. He rejoices in seeing the hunger of His creatures for Him.

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish, since you cannot make yourself as you wish. Thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.

Let everything be done for love, nothing for fear. Love obedience more than you fear disobedience.

For nails would not have held God-and-Man fast to the Cross, had love not held Him there.

The heart has its reasons, which the reason does not know. This is faith: God felt by the heart, not by the reason.

Ah, if you knew what peace there is in an accepted sorrow. "In His will is our peace."

Nevertheless, I hold me in peace, for I perceive that nothing happens without mystery.

How did the saintly preachers attain to their insight and influence, and by what path? Have they anything to teach the pulpit of today which is said to have lost so much of its power? Much, very much; not only as to the form of speech—as witness the letter of Francis de Sales to the Archbishop of Bourges—but

also as to its vitality and power. Our Christian pulpit has fallen, not upon evil days, but upon other days. Many influences have tended to give it breadth and beauty, for which let us be devoutly grateful. What it needs now is depth, intensity, and the authority of Truth made vivid by experience of things immortal. Evermore the eternal realities abide, and they need only to be made real to the men who walk these "gay and giddy-paced times." The restlessness of the modern mind, together with its passion for reality, offer to the pulpit its opportunity. Here those great spiritual realists whom we call the Saints, may help us, equally by their insight and by the light of their lives which kept our faith aflame in ages darker than our own.

Having preached one day, Tauler was visited by a strange man, poorly clad, who asked him if he knew what he had been talking about. Tauler replied that he did. Whereupon the stranger began to ply him with questions, and it was not long before the preacher realized that he knew the truths of faith only from the outside. Deeply stirred, he left his pulpit and went away into silence for a space of two years.

During that period, he passed through intense agonies, in which his soul was unmade and remade. Alone with the great Alone, he learned to listen, and the faith he had held as a theory became an inner reality so vivid that when he returned he was not the same man who had gone away, but a mighty preacher whose simplest word made the souls of men stand still. So runs the story, and it tells, so far as words may describe it, the secret of all the saintly preachers. Yet one need not go away into a far place to find it, else Herbert had found it at Bemerton, far from court and crowd. There was a time when Rutherford envied the swallows under the eaves of his old church at Anwoth, and he confessed that for him "a mixed life is best." No, it is not a matter of place, but of soul, and the path may lead through the noisiest thoroughfare, if so be that we find it—knowing that we "are never less alone than when alone." Howbeit, inward quiet is needed if we are to listen to the voices that speak in the stillness.

To produce persuasion there is one golden principle not set down in the books—to understand what we are talking about. Turn to the

writings of Wesley, and still more to his sermons as delivered, and one feels that he knew what he was talking about when he spoke of God and the soul: knew the deep things, the strange paths, and the floods of great waters. After his "strange warming of the heart," which was less a conversion than a transfiguration, he went through the world as one for whom the only permanent realities are the Divine life, and the awakening of that life in the souls of men. Other way to power in the pulpit there is none, and there never will be. Men are restless to-day, vexed and baffled of soul, with a great hunger which they know not how to satisfy; and they will listen to the pulpit when it has learned to listen—when it tells them what God has told it in the stillness. And the truth which they want to hear is timeless and eternal, as true to-day as it was when Bernard preached at Clairvaux or Jesus lodged with the fisherman by the sea.

XI

THE LIFE OF PRAYER

MOREOVER—and this we well may note—to a degree hardly known in our generation, the Saints were men of habitual, importunate, victorious prayer. What wonder that their speech had a mysterious impressiveness and power. Scrupulous appointments in the Upper Room preceded every sermon—every word held up in the light of prayer, so that when it was spoken it flashed like a silver arrow shot in the twilight, and hit the mark. With them, indeed, prayer was a mighty, even a terrible, thing. Their practice of it was no matter of haphazard or caprice; it had method, purpose, regularity. Nights of high vigil, long days of wrestling were frequent with them, often leaving their souls prostrate before the awful sanctities of the Spirit. Of St. Francis it is said that he would spend whole nights on his knees simply saying at intervals the word God, God; asking nothing.

"Thou hast written well of Me, Thomas," said the Voice to St. Aquinas as he bowed in prayer: "what recompense dost thou desire?"

"None other," answered the Saint, "than Thyself, O Lord."

If one should make a book of the Prayers of the Saints, as might easily be done, it would be a treasure unto everlasting for the whole worshipping Church. There are all the mysteries, the surprises, the beauties of the Life of Faith; its fears, its longings, its agonies, its victories; all the wonders of God and the soul. The words are so simple, so tender, so eager, yet freighted with high meanings, and they move, often, like a sweet and stately chant. There are those kneeling figures down the centuries, and over us falls the soft echo of their voices:

O Lord, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and restless are our hearts till they find rest in Thee.

Thou brightness of eternal glory, Thou confort of the pilgrim soul, my very silence speaketh unto Thee. Oh, come; for without Thee there is no joyful day or hour.

Grant me, O Lord, ardently to desire, wisely to study, rightly to understand, and perfectly to fulfill that which pleaseth Thee.

Lord, I know not what I ought to ask of Thee; but Thou knowest. Behold my needs. Smite or heal; cast down or lift up; I am silent. Pray Thyself in me.

Harken unto my soul, O my God, and hear it crying unto Thee, and grant that I may most truly love Thee; and do Thou rescue me from every temptation, even to the end.

Bestow upon me, O Lord, such happiness in Thee that Thy will may always be my will, Thy pleasure my pleasure.

In Thee, Lord God, I put all my hope and refuge, on Thee I repose in all my tribulation and anguish: for I find all to be infirm and unstable whatever I behold out of Thee.

Suffer us not to fall, at last, through the extremity of bodily anguish, to any lower thought than we have had in our sweet hours of communion.

Let us stand upright at Thy Door, O Lover of our souls, looking for the Face long desired, the Face of Uttermost Love.

Ay, that is great music; but they also knew, as Dante said, that the deepest prayer is never uttered, and that we have not prayed until we can say, "Another was just then with me." We argue about prayer; the Saints *prayed*—giving their whole souls to it with an intensity, an earnestness, a persistence, yea, and a joy, which made it their life. As Thomas of Celano said of Francis, he was not one who prayed

now and then, but "his whole being was changed to prayer." So of all the Saints. Touched with sacred awe, their ears were open, as at a midnight watch, to the faintest approach of evil, and the softest whispers of grace. More keenly aware of sin than any sinner, they sought purity of heart with a quest so passionate, so insistent, that it could not be denied. And thus they attained to the spiritual mind which, by its secret of vision, has knowledge of the Mind of Christ. No wonder men have invoked their aid in the desperate hours of life and death, in the faith that prayers so victorious avail for those in defeat, as indeed they do if human achievement have communal character. At least, they avail to show, as Emerson said, that "what the Saints have felt we may feel," and that what man has done man can do.

XII

MIGHTY IN THE SCRIPTURES

NOR should we forget—who can ever forget?—how the Saints loved the Bible! Some of them knew it by memory; all of them lived with it, laying up in their hearts its spirit, its ideas, and the haunting cadences of its music. Self-examination under its warnings, self-humblings before its judgments, self-heartenings in the presence of its promises and hopes, was their daily habit, until the very soul of the Book seemed to enter and become a part of their being. Its vision of God, its passion for purity, its awful sense of justice, its vast pity, its sweet-toned, melting pathos lived again in their lives; and so in their words. Their use of the Bible reminds one of a musician playing on a great organ, and were it not for quotation marks one could not always tell where its music ends and their variations begin.

Mighty in all things, they were "mighty in the Scriptures," using them both as a sword

and a harp. Almost every one of their sermons was expository, each one making his own some portion of the Book beloved by all—as Bernard poured the riches of his soul into the Song of Songs, and Savonarola, by virtue of his gift of vision, made a use of the Apocalypse unique in the annals of the pulpit. Not all of their interpretations of Bible texts will stand the test, exegetically. Often they gave fantastic and allegorical meanings to its words, finding hidden treasure below the surface as miners dig for gold. St. Augustine, in answer to some one who objected that a certain passage had other meanings than that offered by the Saint, replied: "The more interpretations the better." If they let their fancy play about those great and simple words, it was but the pent-up poetry of the heart growing in a tangle of tropical beauty, like wild vines clambering about an oak. Would that we had more of it to-day. After all, the heart is the best commentary; and the wealth of poetry, of imaginative insight into the noblest and loveliest reality to be found in the writings of the Saints, is far greater than is to be found in dull grinding at grammar of which we have so much to-day.

For some of us, certain passages of the Bible will be forever linked in memory with some one of the Saints who made the words luminous. How frequently in their sermons and letters they set a candle beside some dark text, and leave it burning to light the way for others.

"Are we not to use the writings of the Saints?" asks Francis de Sales. "Indeed, yes. What are their writings save the exposition and setting forth of the Holy Scripture? It is as the breaking of a loaf into pieces for distribution; as the cracking of the shell of the nut to obtain fruit. They are the channels through which it has pleased God to give us the true meaning of His Word. So of the lives of the Saints: what are these save practical illustrations of the Gospel? The difference between the Word and the lives of the Saints is like that between music in score, and the same music sung by living voices."

Alas! for a criticism, high or low, which makes any man love that Book of the Soul less than did the Saints of old. What if it comes to us in a new binding, it is yet the same old Bible, as infallible as ever—and in the best way. It grew out of a profound religious life, and

when rightly used, as the Saints used it, it will produce in us, infallibly, the kind of life which produced it. What more can any mortal ask; how dare we stop with less! Albeit a Book of "the people which were of old," it is as fresh as the morning dew, exempt alike from time and age. Often it resembles the natural world in its elevations and depressions, but in its great moments it speaks for eternity in words childlike in their simplicity, awful in their clarity, revealing in their depth and beauty. It is the same old Bible, beloved of Francis and Wesley, and the same power that was in it then is in it now![1]

[1] Followers of the cult of New Thought, or of some other sort, spend some time each day reading its books. That is a start in the right direction—but such books, bereft of beauty, devoid of insight, with never a glint of genius! Suppose one should study art in that manner, leaving out of account the masters and taking up with some poor dauber! Yet that would not be more pathetic than what some restless, troubled minds are doing in our day. If it is serene and radiant optimism that one seeks, let one go to Emerson, who had authentic insight and power. If there be such merit in method, as there surely is, why not employ it in studying the masters of the life of faith? Better still, why not devote the hours wasted on poor scribblers to the Book by which the Saints were led—the Book which shows us, as in a mirror, what we are and what we ought to be. Why follow a marsh-light while the sun is shining!

XIII

THE AUSTERE LIFE

WHAT about the ascetic life? it may be asked. No doubt to the sleek modern man, with his Religion of Ease, it may seem absurd that any mortal should forego a dinner for the sake of his soul. Yet even in its crudest form that practice is eloquent of the fact that life is more than meat, and that man does not live by bread alone. No one, for whom Gethsemane is more sacred than the garden of Epicurus, can fail to be arrested, if not rebuked, by the rigour of the Saints. What a shame, cried St. Bernard, to be a delicate member of the Head crowned with thorns! Habitual temperance is more religious, it may be, and more wholesome, than recurrent austerities; but we have not attained to that grace. We may rightly reject the ascetic theory as a mistaken dualism, but there is another side to that truth. Nor should we forget that some of the loftiest and loveliest souls this earth has known have used strange, stern means as helps to the holy life.

How is it that we Protestants have produced, on a man like Pere Gratry, the impression which he formulates as follows? "Protestantism is, in essence, the abolition of sacrifice. To abolish abstinence and fasting; to abolish the necessity of good works, effort, struggle, virtue; to shut up sacrifice in Jesus alone and not to let it pass to us: no more to say, as St. Paul did, 'I fill up what is wanting in the sufferings of Christ,' but rather to say to Jesus on His Cross, 'Suffer alone, O Lord,'—there is Protestantism." Of course, sacrifice means more than doing without food, and it is going too far to say that Protestantism abolishes good works, effort, virtue; but the latter part of the statement is only too true. Both in theory and practice we have shut up sacrifice in Jesus alone, holding that the merit of His suffering is imputed to us without our sharing it. St. Bernard, not less than Wesley, taught the goodly gospel of free grace, but he did not feel that it exempted him from the habit of austere living. Nor did Wesley, who was wont to fast every Friday all the year round—not that he attached any merit or magic to the habit, but because he found it an aid to the spiritual life.

Neither of these masters of the spiritual life neglected the stern culture of the soul, as so many of us do, under the notion that the virtues are gifts and not trophies.

It is good common sense, as well as Platonic philosophy, that he who devotes himself to his appetites will have thoughts wingless and alien to the sky. Asceticism, in its true sense, is simply a disciplined effort to gain an end, nothing more. Every man, if he has any ideal at all, is more or less an ascetic, whether he knows it or not. That is he begins, if he be wise, by cutting off what is incompatible with attainment. Thus an athlete goes into training, and by renunciation, by obeying rigid rules makes his muscles strong and his nerves firm. Thus a student, or a man of affairs, foregoes many pleasures to win the prizes they seek, as any man must do to win anything worth the winning. Is it strange that the Saints, seeking the highest prize which mortals may seek, strove to be spiritual athletes, the better to win it? Perhaps they went too far at times, forgetting that, normally, the conditions most favourable to holiness result from the healthy interaction of body and soul. Alas, we who

live in an easy-going, indulgent age, trivial and pleasure-mad, are not tempted in that way!

Oddly enough, it is the austere life which William James held that we most need to learn from the Saints, since neither our bodies nor our wills are as finely tempered instruments as they ought to be. He urged men to keep alive in them "the faculty of effort" by doing something each day for no other reason than that they would rather not do it. By such renunciations, he said, we attain a twofold end: we strengthen the habit of self-control, and we prepare ourselves to stand in the time of trial. Certain it is that those inured to energetic volition and self-denial will be unshaken while their softer fellows fall; but the Saints did not practice self-denial for such self-conscious, calculating reasons. No, they did it for joy, flinging away all hindrances in quest of holiness, as a racer drops his robe to reach the goal. They knew that the religious life is heroic, and that those who deal tenderly with themselves cannot live it. Wrong they may have been in theory, but their conclusions were right because their hearts were right!

XIV

SOCIAL SAVIOURS

NOW, consider! They have read to little account who do not know that Francis of Assisi, albeit a Saint of the order of Poets, was also one of the most radical social reformers in history. We must not forget, because it is no longer with us, that there was once a great plague of leprosy, and that Francis was the chief factor in enabling us to forget leprosy as we cannot forget the great White Plague. In the most horribly repulsive leper, ragged and rotting, Francis saw Christ and kissed Him. His kiss may not have healed that particular leper, as the old legend tells, but it helped to heal a whole race of lepers in Europe. Such a supreme example of devotion was needed to rouse men to deal with the scourge. His act of artless, all-embracing love moved men to care for the unfortunates, and gave impetus to the effort of science to overcome the plague, for he held the love of God to

be cleansing alike to soul and body—sanitation not less than salvation.

If Francis wedded Lady Poverty, it was a parable to show how rich life can be without the things for which we are striving with such eager, envious struggle. Not only did it rebuke a crass and flaunting luxury, and called men to live simpler and less vulgar lives, but it gave dignity and hope to the poor. Also, when the serfs began to enter his Third Order by the hundreds of thousands, it seemed to the petty war lords that society was falling to ruin. How could they live in ease and vanity if their liegemen would no longer fight and enrich them with the booty of pillage? Nevertheless, the poor little man of Assisi conquered by that strange power called Love, and overthrew a political theory on which the whole fabric of European statecraft rested. Feudalism fell, democracy began, and society, instead of falling to pieces, became purer, stronger, and freer than before.

Social service? What preacher of our day does for his city a tithe of what Savonarola did for Florence, with his Bonfire of the Vanities and the Bank of Pity; or Tauler for Stras-

burg? Did not Wesley redeem England from something worse than a French revolution, by winning to the love of Christ the restless spirits who would have fomented such a revolution? Perhaps the method of John Woolman was too individualistic, as we are now told; but what has our social method to show of greater moment than his service in turning the Society of Friends against the social horror of slavery? Of a truth, as Whittier points out in his edition of the *Journal*, that seer-like soul foresaw the Civil War, and joined in the shout of victory over the downfall of the iniquity against which he fought. Of Catherine of Siena it is written, with as much truth as poetry,

> "Then in her sacred saving hands,
> She took the sorrows of the lands;
> With maiden palms she lifted up
> The sick time's blood-embittered cup,
> And in her virgin garments furled
> The faint limbs of a wounded world."

What was the secret of Francis and Wesley? Did they start out, deliberately and of set purpose, to reform society? Were they social agitators wearing the robe of religion? Not so! Radicalism means rootedness, and these

clear-seeing souls saw through all thin theories to the root of our human ills, applying to the human heart the one sweet energy which alone can redeem man from lust to purity, from animalism to spirituality, from feud to friendship —the Love of God in the soul of man, cleansing his sin and sanctifying his social fellowships. What was their secret? Only this—that they taught the love of God, *and lived it*, and their social service followed as fruit follows flowers. Francis had a dream in which he saw all the highways of the world thronged with men hastening to Assisi to join his Order. Was it a prophecy? Did he see how they would carry back with them a new zeal for practical Christianity, a humane service that would build hospitals to be cradles of nascent science; that would rebuke luxury and fraud, and rebuild a crumbling church; that would send messengers of peace to the ends of the earth; that would revive art and bring Giotto and Fra Angelico? Aye, it was a prophecy, and he died with the song of one who cannot die!

Has Christianity failed? No; it has never been tried, save in the lives of the Saints in

whom we see the wonder of religion new given and radiant. When we dare to be Christians, as Francis and Wesley dared ; when the Church forgets itself and prays to be healed of its pride, its prestige, its worship of wealth and its sectarian vanity ; when it learns the folly of aping the tactics of the world, and sets itself to do the work God gave it to do, there will be no dearth of power. We must have done with our futile effort to substitute activity for energy, change for progress, and return to that deeper life which alone can give us insight into social problems. Evermore the Saints teach us to ask for but one Thing, to seek one only Gift, not that we may render less social service, but vastly more and richer. Having that one Thing needful we have all—wanting it, nothing !

XV

VICTORS OVER DEATH

VICTORS in life, the Saints were triumphant in death! When St. John of the Cross was dying, and the physician told him that the end was near, he replied, in the words of the Psalmist: "I was glad when they said, We will go into the House of the Lord." As Boehme entered that soft, fascinating darkness which men call death, he said to his weeping son: "Open the door and let in more of that music." Savonarola was led forth to torture, walking lightly, singing softly. As the hangman tied the rope round his neck, the mob waited for some word from those lips so used to the ways of eloquence. But they waited in vain. The last words he uttered were, "The Lord suffered as much for me." Those who gazed closely saw a thin, white hand raised by force of habit in benediction. Almost to this day flowers have been placed every year where the body fell.

Forever memorable was the passing of Francis of Assisi, who has been called "the only Christian since Christ." There were years of increasing pain and blindness, yet of undimmed joyousness of soul. Indeed, there returned to him, towards the end, all his old Divine glee, with the conviction that the world is to be conquered by love, poetry, and song. To it we owe his Canticle to the Sun, reckoned as the fountainhead of Italian verse. Often he would sing, "Welcome, Sister Death!" Yet Sister Death tarried, and his slow dying, carted hither and yon, did not mar his song. At last death found him, lying habitless on the bosom of Mother Earth, as the birds he had loved all his life sang their evening hymn.

In examining the tomb of St. Bernard, in the last century, the explorers came upon a few poor bones and a little dust wrapped in yellow silk—nothing more. Yet on the silk there were the still uneffaced letters which spelt out the text: "A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved to me." Even so, the lives of the Saints are a sweet odour of frankincense and myrrh in the Church of Christ, making holy the earth we tread, and keeping alive our faith that the true

end of life is to seek the life that never ends. Ay, these are the victors over life and time and death—star-led to light the way out of shadows into realities!

"Oh, faces of the Saints; sweet and firm lips accustomed to name the name of God, dear eyes which discern a brother in the poorest creature, hairs blanched by meditations on eternity, sacred colours of the soul shining in age and death—blessed are they who have seen you; more blessed they who have understood and who have received from your transfigured features lessons of wisdom and immortality!"

"And now, O Lord God, if in this book I have said anything which is Thine, Thine own will recognize it; and if I have said anything which is mine, do Thou and Thine forgive it."

—St. Athanasius.

Printed in the United States of America

JAMES L. GORDON, D.D.

All's Love Yet All's Law

12mo, cloth, net $1.25.

"Discloses the secret of Dr. Gordon's eloquence—fresh, and intimate presentations of truth which always keep close to reality. Dr. Gordon also seems to have the world's literature at his command. A few of the titles will give an idea of the scope of his preaching. 'The Law of Truth: The Science of Universal Relationships'; 'The Law of Inspiration: The Vitalizing Power of Truth'; 'The Law of Vibration'; 'The Law of Beauty: The Spiritualizing Power of Thought'; The Soul's Guarantee of Immortality."—*Christian Work.*

BISHOP FRANCIS J. McCONNELL *Cole Lectures*

Personal Christianity

Instruments and Ends in the Kingdom of God.

12mo, cloth, net $1.25.

The latest volume of the famous "Cole Lectures" delivered at Vanderbilt University. The subjects are: I. The Personal in Christianity. II. The Instrumental in Christianity. III. The Mastery of World-Views. IV. The Invigoration of Morality. V. The Control of Social Advance. VI. "Every Kindred, and People, and Tongue."

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D.

Lectures and Orations by Henry Ward Beecher

Collected by Newell Dwight Hillis. 12mo, net $1.20.

It is fitting that one who is noted for the grace, finish and eloquence of his own addresses should choose those of his predecessor which he deems worthy to be preserved in a bound volume as the most desirable, the most characteristic and the most dynamic utterances of America's greatest pulpit orator.

W. L. WATKINSON, D.D.

The Moral Paradoxes of St. Paul

12mo, cloth, net $1.00.

"These sermons are marked, even to greater degree than is usual with their talented preacher, by clearness, force and illustrative aptness. He penetrates unerringly to the heart of Paul's paradoxical settings forth of great truths, and illumines them with pointed comment and telling illustration. The sermons while thoroughly practical are garbed in striking and eloquent sentences, terse, nervous, attention-compelling."—*Christian World.*

LEN G. BROUGHTON, D.D.

The Prodigal and Others

12mo, cloth, net $1.00.

"The discourses are vital, bright, interesting and helpful. It makes a preacher feel like preaching once more on this exhaustless parable, and will prove helpful to all young people—and older ones, too. Dr. Broughton does not hesitate to make his utterances striking and entertaining by the introduction of numerous appropriate and homely stories and illustrations. He reaches the heart."—*Review and Expositor.*

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON — *Author of "The Eternal Christ," "David Swing"*

What Have the Saints to Teach Us?

A Message from the Church of the Past to the Church of To-day. 12mo, cloth, net 50c.

"Of that profounder life of faith and prayer and vision which issues in deeds of daring excellence, the Pilgrims of the Mystic Way are the leaders and guides; and there is much in our time which invites their leadership."—*Preface.*

JOHN BALCOM SHAW, D.D.

The Angel in the Sun

Glimpses of the Light Eternal. Cloth, net $1.00.

Dr. Shaw has prepared a series of spirited addresses marked throughout by sincerity and fine feeling, and free of all philosophical surmise, or theological cavil. "The Angel In The Sun" is a refreshing and enheartening book; the cheery word of a man of unswerving faith to his companions by the way.

PHILIP MAURO

Looking for the Saviour

12mo, cloth, net 35c.; paper, 20c.

The first part of this little volume is devoted to an examination of the chief reasons that have been advanced in support of the post-tribulation view of the Rapture of the Saints. The second part contains some affirmative teaching relating to the general subject of the Lord's return.

PROF. LEE R. SCARBOROUGH

Recruits for World Conquests

12mo, cloth, net 75c.

"Here is a soul-stirring message, presenting the call and the need and the response we should make. The author is deeply spiritual, wise, earnest and conservative in presenting his appeal.—*Word and Way.*

PRINCIPAL ALEXANDER WHYTE, D. D.

Thirteen Appreciations

12mo, cloth, net $1.50.

Appreciations of Santa Teresa, Jacob Boehme, Bishop Andrews, Samuel Rutherford, Thomas Shepard, Thomas Goodwin, Sir Thomas Browne, William Law, James Fraser of Brea, Bishop Butler, Cardinal Newman, William Guthrie and John Wesley, go to the making of Dr. Whyte's new book, a work of high authority, revealing on every page the man who wrote it.

DATE DUE

248
N56

BV 5031 .N5 1914

Newton, Joseph Fort, 1876-

What have the saints to
teach us?

BONEBRAKE SEMINARY LIBRARY

United Theological Seminary Library
MAIN BV5031.N5 1914
Newton, Josep What have the saints to te
3 0645 0005 9262 2